

Dear Mother and Father 6, 1916 Jun

War is such an tragedy as soon as we landed on Gallipoli.

We were shot at by a bunch of scumbags we ran.

For our lives the weather is cold we froze our heads off. how's Bill and Louise. Did Jimmy survive

the cancer hope he did. The trenches are 2 metres.

High every day we slay over thousand of turks

but they are the only ones getting slain were

Falling like rain coming out of the sky. Every-day

I pray to come home and never come back here

ever again. We do have to eat baked beans

every-day I'm sick of it. I all so appreciate

the sock you sent me right back

to your son Johnny.